

Good Morning 199

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Saddle Up!



The way of men and horses

FIRST thing that happens to an apprentice when he arrives to try and be a real jockey is—baptism.

It's an old ritual in the saddle-room. The kid's hair is given a convict-crop; and then his name, appearance, voice and place are carefully studied by the trainer, jockeys and apprentices.

If he's got a squeaky voice, he's "Squeaker" for the rest of his racing life; "Spider" was all legs when he first came, and "Tich" was the smallest they'd ever had.

The boy's native town often settles the name: if he's from Pontefract, he's "Ponty," and "Brady" if from Bradford. After the head-crop and naming, the new boy is got out of the saddle-room on some excuse, while a bucket of dirty water is delicately placed on top of the partly open door—the rest is easy to guess. The new boy is called back, and his baptism is completed beyond a shadow of doubt.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.

It's the custom in most racing stables for the apprentices to have the afternoon and evening off on any baptismal day—and it's odds-on that they all go to a dance.

For stable-boys have a great reputation as dancers. They're light and swift on their feet—and they don't mind dancing with ladies twice their height

By R. B. Fawcett

and maybe three times their weight.

NO SHORT CUT.

The stable-boy's wage is by no means a princely start to life—it's about a fiver a year, on a five-year agreement, with board, lodging and clothes thrown in, of course.

The hours are long and the work hard; usually from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m., with a period off duty from about one to four in the afternoon.

The stable-boy must have a natural inclination to ride, be able to understand all the curious likes and dislikes of racehorses, and he must be strong for his size.

He must develop an expert's knowledge of the speeds of a horse—canter, sharp canter, half-speed, exercise gallop, and full-out—and also be a good groom.

But, if the lad's got it in him, the trainer will spot it quickly—that's part of his job, and an important one.

In summer he may be out at exercise at early dawn for a "test gallop," before the racing touts or other spectators come on the scene.

Palmy Days was secretly galloped on Middleham Moor at 4 a.m. before she won a Liverpool Spring Cup, but a local tout got wind of the arrangements and slept out in the

Miles of eerie Dunes —was Scotland's Best Barony

SEAFARERS, as well as holidaymakers, know Culbin Sands. Not far from Forres, Morayshire, they have a desolate, haunting quality... mile upon mile of eerie dunes and brackish swamps.

Yet it is only two hundred and fifty years since the sands came to Culbin. It was one summer day in 1694 that a great cloud came out of the west and sand began to rain on all the fertile farms and villages.

The barony of Culbin was then one of the richest in all Scotland. Sixteen fair-sized farms, in addition to the home farm, flourished there under benevolent Laird Kinnaird. With an annual rental of £200 from every tenant farmer, in addition to wheat, oats and oatmeal, he drew a rich living from his 3,500 acres... until the sand came.

IT fell so swiftly, rain upon sand smothered homes and rain of fine grit, that harvesters were compelled to abandon their scythes in the fields. The apple-women hurried in, leaving their baskets in the orchard. Through the night the amazing storm continued, and in the morning many cottagers found they could only get out by breaking down the backs of their houses.

When the storm ceased, nothing remained of the granite mansion of Culbin and all but one of the farms. Orchards, barns, lanes and cottages—all had gone.

Where they had been was nothing but a wasteland of sand, the only true desert in Britain.

There is a local story that it was a visitation from God. It started on a Sunday.

Horses and cattle were with difficulty released from the barns. Still the sandstorm continued, the sand mounting so rapidly that the folk of Culbin could scarcely rescue their most treasured possessions from their homes.

Prolonged day after day, the

In 1800 a raging storm entirely altered the face of the sand-dunes, raising some seventy feet or more, dissipating others in dust. Stretches of furrowed fields that had been hidden for over a century came into view, and the laird's mansion house stood up grim and stark from the grit.

Local people began dismantling it for building purposes, but had hardly got their tools into place before the wind veered again.

This time the stumps of trees killed by dunes that had passed

over them were exposed, and the mansion of Culbin entirely disappeared. Since then, every known landmark has gone. Every year has increased the danger of trees had failed to stem the tide of sand, grass might succeed.

Local farmers tried planting conifers to stem the onward march of the sandhills. It was no use. Trees thirty and forty feet high were covered up till scarcely the top-most leaves rose above the sand drifts.

Yet to-day Culbin's Sahara is being reclaimed at last. It needed modern mass tactics to conquer the curse which had baffled generations of farmers.

In 1921, the Forestry Commissioners began to acquire Culbin land. Land reclamation knowledge culled from all over the



world was brought to bear on the riddle of the sands.

A far-seeing twenty-five-year plan was set into action. Its first provision was: Where trees had failed to stem the tide of sand, grass might succeed.

An army of workmen planted broom, grass, and plants suitable to desert conditions on the barren dunes.

As soon as the grass fixed the sand, Scots and Corsican pines were planted, some with such success that they have grown to a height of twenty feet.

The Forestry Commissioners now own 5,500 acres of Culbin, and have triumphantly planted four-fifths of the area. Green leaves are coming again to Culbin, after two and a half centuries.

TWO FOR THE ROAD! P.O. STOKER JOHN YOUNGER

WE'VE often heard of "One to guess what special brand!)." They are keeping them for your next leave at home in hurry they both had time to send their love and best wishes, with the hope of seeing you again very shortly. Cheers!



ODD CORNER

Just before the war began, a missionary in China found that one of his native servants was stealing sugar from a cupboard, and hit upon an ingenious way of catching him. He went quietly to the store cupboard with a bottle of paraffin and afterwards ordered a meal requiring the use of sugar. The servants' portions were served with a deficiency of sugar, and half an hour later one of them came clamouring to the missionary. "Master, somebody has been pouring paraffin over my dinner!" "So you are the man," said the missionary with a smile.

How the Brigadier Slew the Fox

By CONAN DOYLE

IN all the great hosts of France there was only one officer towards whom the English of Wellington's army retained a deep, steady, and unchangeable hatred.

There were blunderers among the French, and men of violence, gamblers, duellists and rousés. All these could be forgiven, for others of their kidney were to be found among the ranks of the English.

But one officer of Massena's force had committed a crime which was unspeakable, unheard of, abominable; only to be alluded to with curses late in the evening, when a second bottle had loosened the tongues of men.

The news of it was carried back to England and country gentlemen who knew little of the details of the war grew crimson with passion when they heard of it, and yeomen of the shires raised freckled fists to Heaven and swore.

And yet who should be the doer of this dreadful deed but our friend the brigadier, Etienne Gerard, of the Hussars of Conflans, gay-riding, plume-tossing, debonair, the darling of the ladies and of the six brigades of light cavalry.

But the strange part of it is that this gallant gentleman did this hateful thing, and made himself the most unpopular man in the Peninsula, without ever knowing that he had done a crime for which there is hardly a name amid all the resources of our language.

He died of old age, and never once in that imperturbable self-confidence which adorned or disfigured his character knew that so many thousand Englishmen would gladly have hanged him with their own hands.

On the contrary, he numbered this adventure among those other exploits which he has given to the world, and many a time he chuckled and hugged himself as he narrated it to the eager circle who gathered round him in that humble café where, between his dinner and his dominoes, he would tell, amid tears and laughter, of his adventures.

Here is what Gerard said:

YOU must know, my friends, that it was toward the end of the year eighteen hundred and ten that I and Massena and the others pushed Wellington backwards until we had hoped to drive him and his army into the Tagus.

But when we were still twenty-five miles from Lisbon

we found that we were betrayed, for what had this Englishman done but build an enormous line of works and forts at a place called Torres Vedras, so that even we were unable to get through them!

They lay across the whole peninsula, and our army was so far from home that we did not dare to risk a reverse, and we had already learned at Busaco that it was no child's play to fight against these people.

What could we do, then, but sit down in front of these lines and blockade them to the best of our power? There we remained for six months, amid such anxieties that Massena said afterwards that he had not one hair which was not white upon his body. For my own part, I did not worry much about our situation, but I looked after our horses, who were in great need of rest and green fodder. For the rest, we drank the wine of the country and passed the time as best we might.

There was a lady at Santarem—but my lips are sealed. It is the part of a gallant man to say nothing, though he may indicate that he could say a great deal.

One day Massena sent for me, and I found him in his tent with a great plan pinned upon the table. He looked at me in silence with that single piercing eye of his, and I felt by his expression that the matter was serious.

He was nervous and ill at ease, but my bearing seemed to reassure him. It is good to be in contact with brave men. "Colonel Etienne Gerard," said he, "I have always heard that you are a very gallant and enterprising officer."

It was not for me to confirm such a report, and yet it would be folly to deny it, so I clinked my spurs together and saluted.

"You are also an excellent rider."

I admitted it. "And the best swordsman in the six brigades of light cavalry."

Massena was famous for the accuracy of his information. "Now," said he, "if you will look at this plan you will have no difficulty in understanding what it is that I wish you to do. These are the lines of Torres Vedras. You will perceive that they cover a vast space, and you will realise that the English can only hold a position here and there. Once through the lines, you have twenty-five miles of open country which lie between them and Lisbon. It is very important

to me to learn how Wellington's troops are distributed throughout that space, and it is my wish that you should go and ascertain.

His words turned me cold. "Sir," said I, "it is impossible that a colonel of light cavalry should condescend to act as a spy."

He laughed and clapped me on the shoulder.

"You would not be a Hussar if you were not a hot-head," said he. "If you will listen you will understand that I have not asked you to act as a spy. What do you think of that horse?"

He had conducted me to the opening of his tent, and there was a Chasseur who led up and down a most admirable creature.

He was a dapple grey, not very tall—a little over fifteen hands, perhaps—but with the short head and splendid arch of the neck which comes with the Arab blood. His shoulders and haunches were so muscular, and yet his legs so fine, that it thrilled me with joy just to gaze upon him.

A fine horse or a beautiful woman, I cannot look at them

unmoved, even now when seventy winters have chilled my blood.

"This," said Massena, "is Voltigeur, the swiftest horse in our army. What I desire is that you should start to-night, ride round the lines upon the flank, make your way across the enemy's rear, and return upon the other flank, bringing me news of his dispositions. You will wear a uniform, and will therefore, if captured, be safe from the death of a spy. It is probable that you will get through the lines unchallenged, for the posts are very scattered. Once through, in daylight you can outride anything which you meet, and if you keep off the roads you may escape entirely unnoticed. If you have not reported yourself by to-morrow night I will understand that you are taken, and I will offer them Colonel Petrie in exchange."

Ah, how my heart swelled with pride and joy as I sprang into the saddle and galloped this grand horse up and down to show the marshal the mastery which I had of him! He was magnificent—we were both magnificent, for Massena clapped his hands and cried out in his delight.

It was not I, but he, who said that a gallant beast deserves a gallant rider. Then, when for the third time, with my panache flying and my dolman streaming behind me, I thundered past him, I saw upon his hard old face that he had no longer any doubt that he had chosen the man for his purpose.

I drew my sabre, raised the hilt to my lips in salute, and galloped on to my own quarters. Already the news had spread that I had been chosen for a mission, and my little rascals came swarming out of their tents to cheer me. Ah! it brings the tears to my old eyes when I think how proud they were of their colonel. And I was proud of them also. They deserved a dashing leader.

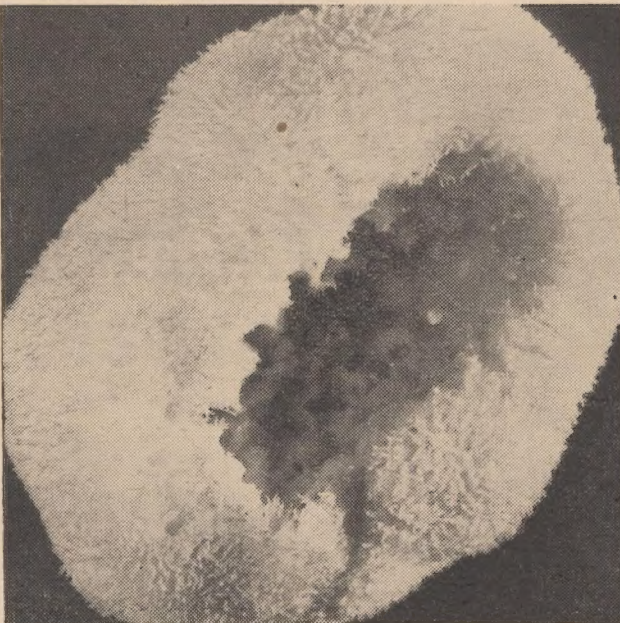
(To be continued)

Snowy, Flowy, Blowy, Showery, Flowery, Bowery, Hoppy, Croppy, Droppy, Breezy, Sneazy, Freezy. Sir Gregory Gander's "The Twelve Months."

I sipped each flower, I changed every hour, But here every flower is united!

John Gay (1685-1732).

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



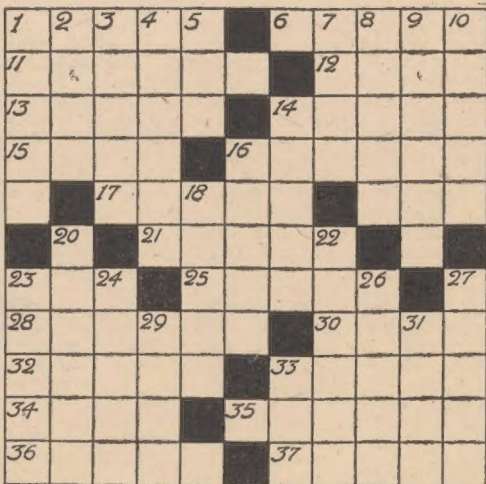
WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 198: Spirit Level.

WANGLING WORDS—154

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ENCEFOR, to make a word.
- Rearrange the letters of HAVE NO NETS, to make a Scottish town.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: FIND into KEEP, RAIL into WAYS, GIVE into TAKE, FOLK into SONG.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from VEGETARIAN?

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS
- Shut.
 - Pacifics.
 - To some extent.
 - Way of walking.
 - Up to.
 - Palfrey.
 - Observed.
 - Shake to and fro.
 - Repulse.
 - Rowing man.
 - Drudge.
 - Salad herb.
 - Build.
 - Lost ground.
 - Bound easily.
 - Bitterly.
 - Peer, pungent.
 - Old clothes.
 - Hovers.
 - Fencing weapon.
 - Indicted.
- Solution to Problem in 198.

- CLUES DOWN.
- Discomfit.
 - Country road.
 - Furred animal.
 - Glow.
 - Fish.
 - Eager.
 - Musically slow.
 - Lose.
 - Ox.
 - Bisect.
 - Tired.
 - Beg earnestly.
 - Part of shoe.
 - Rich cake.
 - Irish county.
 - Durable fabric.
 - Trunk.
 - Dull-witted.
 - Sagacious.
 - Burns.
 - Fore-end of ship.

CLOQUE SCAR
RUM GAZELLE
ARIGHT WOLF
BITE EASY L
D RANK ERE
PLUM INDEX
AYR SANE S
D BEES ACID
DRAG PARADE
LANGUID RUE
EYES COOPER

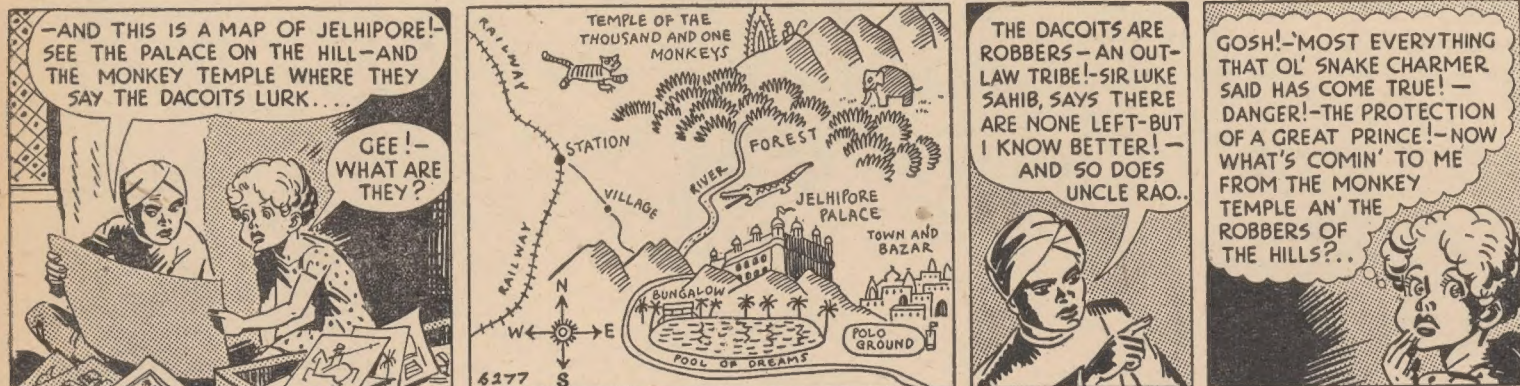
JANE



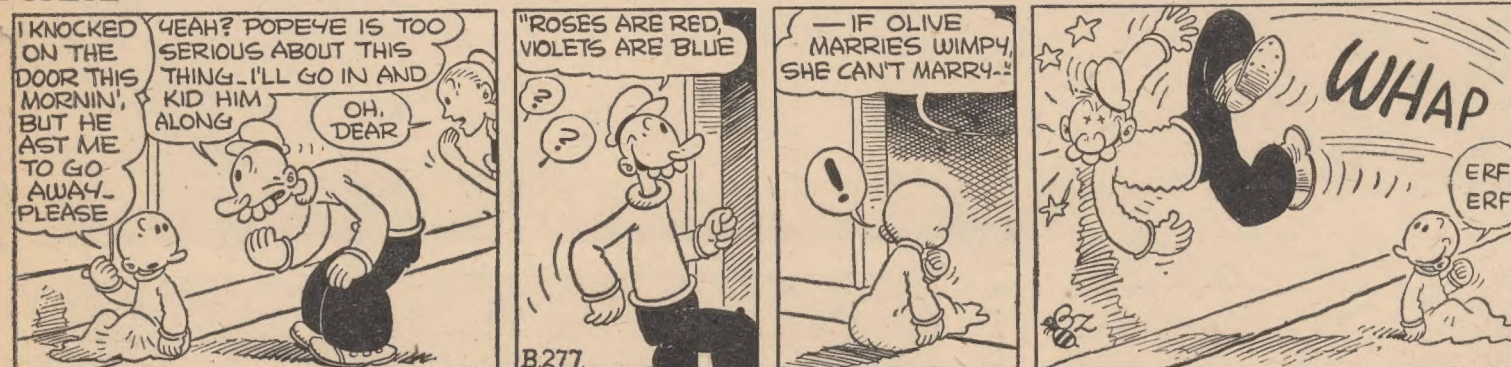
BEELZEBUB JONES



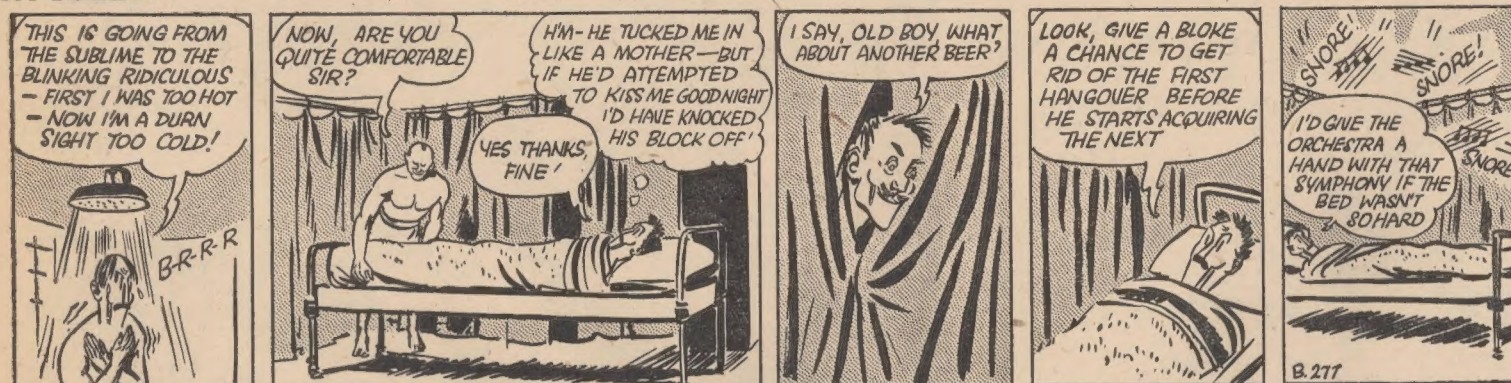
BELINDA



POPEYE



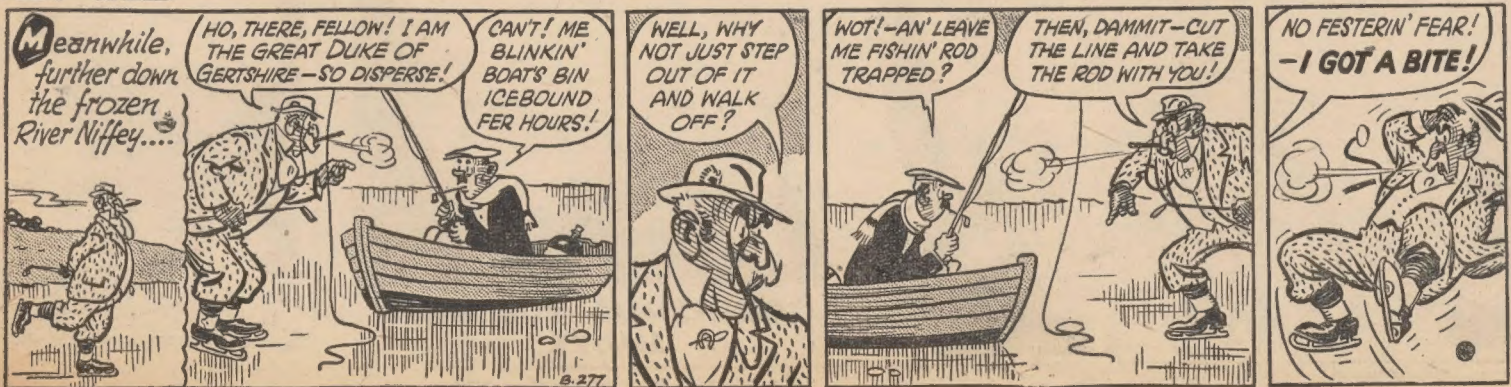
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

A JOB FOR LIFE.

WE cannot expect a world in which every-one is guaranteed employment for life in one particular job; we ought to aim at a world in which there is "a strong sustained demand for labour," so that if one job fails another is available; when there is a strong demand for labour people will sort themselves out between the various industries.

Joan Robinson (Lecturer in Economics).

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN.

IT is one of the curious habits of our minds to retain a sharp and probably wrong picture of a typical foreigner and yet never connect this type with the individual foreigners we know. For instance, you know that Mr. Roosevelt is an American, and Bing Crosby is another; so are Jack Benny, Ernest Hemingway, Archbishop Spellman, James Cagney and Mr. Stettinius. They are men of the most widely different character, but they are Americans. Who is more typical, Wendell Willkie or Fred Astaire? Mr. Anthony Eden or Stanley Lupino? The answer, I suspect, is—both.

Alistair Cooke.

THE VIRTUE OF FORGETTING.

MR. NOEL COWARD says our national vice is a tendency to forget. This is nonsense. It is our great political virtue. It is their capacity to remember that makes the Balkans so Balkan. Poor Ireland cannot forget the Battle of the Boyne, and so is a "distressful country." But sensible England forgets as soon as possible. Let us hope we will continue our great tradition and fight to-morrow's battles to-morrow, uninfluenced by the sentimental memories of to-day.

K. A. Baird.

HOLLYWOOD EDUCATION.

WE spend millions of pounds on an education which so sterilises the thought of the child that soon after leaving school he sheds this vast encrustation of useless knowledge like a malignant sore, and his cultural activities are dominated by Hollywood sex appeal.

Dr. D. Jackson.

THE POPULATION QUESTION.

THE post-war young married woman will have known the joys of economic freedom. On marriage she will relinquish this financial independence and become—although working seven days a week—a dependant legally entitled only to her board and lodging. This rangles. A large family increases a woman's dependency, for then she is irrevocably tied to the home. The only solution to the problem is to improve the status of the housewife and mother. Family allowances must be generous.

Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P.

AFTERMATH OF WAR.

THE aftermath of this war, with its reconstruction difficulties and its inevitable political and economic changes, will be, as we are all aware, a pretty uncomfortable period for all of us. . . . These discomforts and frustrations can be nothing compared with what our fighting men have been and are enduring now for us, and for the future of everything we believe in. If in the future any of us, either individually or in unions or political parties, do anything to let down these men and all they have endured for us, I can only say that it will be to our eternal, everlasting shame.

Noel Coward.

AMERICAN HOMES.

AMERICAN homes, homes in which in many cases the parents were born abroad, speaking a foreign language, homes in which the parents are still learning how to become Americans, homes in which the parents expect the children to be better Americans than their parents have been. In no other country in the world have there been so many parents who were not cocksure of how to live in the world, so many parents who expected their children, even as quite small children, to speak better English, to know their way about in the world better than their parents did. But so it is in America. Parents watch their children anxiously. Are they advanced enough?

Dr. Margaret Mead.

Send your Stories,
Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England

Against a background of threatening cloud, wild geese are heading North for the Spring.



"What a strange, big world I've found myself in. Sure, I'm never going to get used to it. Guess I'll have to stay awhile with you, Mum, until I do."



REALLY—
AND WOULD
YOU BELIEVE

IT?

Says Dixie
Dugan, 20th
Century Fox
player.



"Now, you keep near to me, and don't go wandering all over the place. I'm too big to keep running around, so I'll just sit here and scare everybody away."



"GENTLEMEN—YOU MAY
SMOKE"

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Cissie . . . try
Navy Cut."

